

LATEST FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

PARIS, NOVEMBER 16, 1854.

The siege of Sebastopol continues of course to be the object of still increasing interest here, in England, and indeed throughout all Europe. I sent you on Monday last the despatch of Gen. CANROBERT, dated from his camp before the city, 6th November, giving account of the formidable attack made by the Russians on the day before, and of its gallant repulse by the Allied forces. Since then we have received the Russian despatch of the same date from Prince MENSCHIKOFF, of which the absence was remarked as an unfavorable sign for the Russians, and the English despatch of Lord RAGLAN, communicated by the British Ambassador at Paris, and published in the *Moniteur* of this morning. We are anxiously expecting the particulars of this important action. It was a bloody and terrible affair, gallantly contested on all sides there can be no doubt. The glory must be pretty equally divided; and so it seems, according to the best opinion that can be formed by putting together the despatches of the three generals and making due allowances, must the advantages also. We have, on the one side, the Russian attack, with outnumbering forces, definitely and most gallantly repelled, with a vigor and impetuosity that carried a pursuing French division up, it seems, to the very walls of the beleaguered city. It is probably an incident of that kind only that the Russian general has favorably interpreted into an attempt to carry Sebastopol by storm. The Russians admit "considerable loss." The Allies report it to have been immense; Gen. Canrobert has even estimated it at 10,000 men. We all remember, however, the exaggerated estimate of the Russian loss made by the Allies on the morning of the battle of Alma. All, even among the Allies themselves, now admit that the actual Russian loss upon that occasion was about half what the Allies had supposed. Assuming, then, that the Russian loss on the 6th instant was really 5,000, the notion of that day may well be styled a most sanguinary affair. On the other side, far from considering it a disastrous defeat for the Russians, may it not be fairly assumed that the latter have really accomplished what they intended and hoped to accomplish by the attack of the 6th? To justify the assertion that it was a defeat for them it must be established that they expected to rout the Allies completely and drive them from before Sebastopol. If it was only, as we have every reason to believe, a more serious and general vigorous attempt than had yet been made to embarrass the siege operations of the Allies, inflict loss upon them, and compel them, by the gradual exhaustion of their means, diminution of forces, and destruction of material, either to raise the siege or precipitate an assault before their artillery had sufficiently prepared the way for a definitive storming of the place, then I apprehend we cannot in justice refuse to the Russians an important share in the successes of the day. Particulars are wanting as to other damage of material sustained by the Allies; but we know that several batteries, both of the French and English besieging forces, were momentarily in possession of the Russians, and that their cannons were spiked. Neither the French or English generals venture an estimate in numbers of their own losses in killed and wounded; though we, who are no soldiers and know nothing of tactics, would naturally suppose that the day after the battle they might have at least as ample and reliable information relative to their own losses as those of the enemy. If any thing like a reasonable proportion exists between the numbers of killed and wounded on both sides, the loss of the Allies must have been, as their generals admit, "considerable;" thus realizing one of the objects of the Russian attack. We have, I believe, in the report of Lord RAGLAN the names of no less than five general officers wounded among the British troops alone. In a spirit of fairness towards both parties, let us not admit, with the Russian general, that the French have been repulsed in an attempt to storm Sebastopol. They gallantly pursued the retreating enemy to the very walls of the city, and then returned as they had intended to their camp, suffering severely doubtless as they retired from the fire of the Russians. Nor, on the other hand, let us admit with the Allies that the Russians have suffered a disastrous defeat. They effected, to a considerable extent, what they proposed to effect by the attack of the 6th instant on the entrenchments of the Allies. They paid heavily doubtless for the advantages gained. But what if it should turn out, as well it may, that the Russian generals can afford to pay that price? And that they were willing to do so, and mean to purchase three or four more just such days at the same price? This may well be the case; for by all accounts, from the reports of the Allied generals themselves, it is not men any more than cannons and munitions of all sorts that are wanting to the Russian forces in the Crimea; and Prince MENSCHIKOFF is perhaps less scrupulous in the expense of human life for the accomplishment of his ends than the more civilized Allied generals would be under similar circumstances. In fine, this affair of the 6th is the third sanguinary battle that has been fought in the Crimea since the landing of the expedition. Call it, if you please, the third victory that has been gained by the Allies. I grant, indeed, that it is three victories, in which French and British arms have gained bloody honors and shown themselves in all respects worthy of their old renown; but I only say, glorious as those combats are for the arms of the Allies, three or four more such victories will prove the ruin of the expedition. Three or four more such victories as either Alma, Balaklava, or the affair of the 6th, and the Crimean expedition will, in its ensemble, take place in history as a splendid and glorious disaster for the Allies. I was not led away six weeks ago by the almost universal belief in Europe that Sebastopol had fallen; nor since then have I shared in the doubts and despondency which, in view of the slowness of the siege and of the difficulties of the enterprise just beginning to be apprehended, were gradually seizing upon the public mind. I have all along believed that the almost unbounded resources, the admirable skill, the indomitable energy and gallantry of the Allies would ultimately prevail against the bulwarks of Sebastopol, despite the utmost efforts of Russian bravery, skill, and perseverance. But really the definite advantage, after now nearly two months of active military operations, seem, all things taken into consideration, so nearly balanced, the damage done by the operations of the Allies seems to be so promptly repaired and so efficiently repaid by the besieged, that if more decisive intelligence does not very speedily arrive from the East I shall feel impelled to the conclusion that a glorious but disastrous defeat in the Crimea is in reserve for the Allies. The Court itself here is evidently not unaffected by these gloomy provisions. This season of the year, which is usually spent in elegant festivities, which assemble a gay and splendid court, and in brilliant succession, the members of the Diplomatic Corps, Senators, Ministers, and all high civil and military functionaries at Compiegne, or Fontainebleau, or other of the imperial palaces, is passing in 1854 at St. Cloud in retirement, dullness, and it is even whispered in gloom. The invitations which had issued for the hunting parties at Compiegne have been withdrawn; and as a week is spent by the Emperor *en famille* at Fontainebleau it is as much as is expected. It is rumored that the rehearsals of the *Te Deum* composed in advance to celebrate the capture of Sebastopol have ceased, and that several theatres that were getting up "*Siege of Sebastopol*," with very expensive decorations and decorations, which, it is very apprehended, might prove faulty in a historical point of view, have been countermanded orders to artists and authors, and are making the best face they can with their old repertoires. In the absence of amusements, however, this siege of Sebastopol is affording to many classes, from the Emperor down, abundant occupation for body and mind. The nation, if the enterprise does fall this year, will make heroic efforts to retrieve matters next year. A new military camp is being formed near Lyons. There is also talk of another about to be formed at Metz. This will be a practical hint to Germany, and especially to Prussia, that instead of driving them to an alliance will rather make them rapidly complete their already far ad-

vanced military preparations for the protection of their new *realité*. The garrisons of Stenay, Montmédy, and Leugny are receiving important reinforcements. All these places, like Metz, are near the Rhine, on the eastern frontier of France. It is rumored also that two hundred and fifty millions lately raised in this country by loan are already nearly exhausted, and we are in daily expectation of the announcement of some other great financial coup by which the devouring exigencies of the war may be met. Another encouraging report is that another hundred thousand men are promptly to be called out in order to satisfy another of the devouring propensities of the war. It is calculated that since the landing in the Crimea, this day two months ago, the Allies have lost by disease and the sword not fewer than twenty thousand men, whose bones now lie bleaching in the East. Two hundred human hecatombs sacrificed to the god of war by France and England in two short months! Add to that at least two hundred more, fallen in the Russian ranks victims on the same altar. And some half dozen more men could be named who are responsible for all this. But public indignation does not pursue them. On the contrary, it is great, patriotic, admirable, glorious! Forty thousand human lives lost in two months by the deliberate selfish act of some half dozen men! And they are deemed heroes, while the same world pursues with execration a score of poor wretches who, by reckless imprudence or by a cowardly abandonment of duty, in obedience to the instinct of self-preservation, have probably caused the death of a few scores! Beautiful consistency! Well, the world that is guilty of it should not expect to be better treated.

England and France are pouring toward the East regular after regiment of men to fill the void so rapidly made in the ranks of their respective corps. The steamers Indiana and Europa have been taken temporarily from the New York and Liverpool and Havre lines to serve as transports. All the disposable ships of the late Baltic fleet and the first ships in the Black Sea that cannot be usefully employed for belligerent purposes in the East are diverted to the object. Thirty thousand is now the number said to be about to be forwarded from France and ten thousand from England. Active operations are anticipated in the Crimea throughout the whole of the coming winter—to carry on the siege of Sebastopol if it proves able to hold out; to complete the conquest of the Crimea if Sebastopol should fall.

From the Danube we have most conflicting accounts. Some represent OMER PACHA as about to create a diversion in favor of the Allies in the Crimea by the invasion of the Russian province of Bessarabia; others say that, at the instance of Austria, who would be most unwilling to see the lower Danube become again the scene of active warfare operations, Omer Pacha has entirely abandoned the idea of offensive operations in that quarter, and means over to transport a part of his army to the Crimea to set against the Russians there. It is indeed most probably one of the conditions of the Austrian occupation of the province that they shall not be made the theatre of conflict between Russian and Turkish troops. Such conflict would be likely to bring about forcibly contingencies that would make the active intervention of the Austrian troops necessary. This necessity Austria would by all means avoid.

SEIGE OPERATIONS BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE LONDON HERALD.

OCTOBER 23.—In my despatch, written yesterday, I expatiated on the fineness of the weather, little thinking what a woful change was impending over us. The evening was splendid up to seven o'clock, when, in the course of half an hour, the sky became overcast, with driving showers of hail, which hit with the force of small shot. To add to the discomforts of the evening the enemy began to make or pretended to begin to make a sortie at ten; every battery along the whole line, from the Flagstaff Mount to the circular earthwork, suddenly opened fire. Upwards of a hundred guns were fired incessantly, scattering shell and red-hot shot in all directions. Expecting an immediate attack, all the troops were got under arms in a few minutes, and moved up to the brow of the hills which overlook the town. Here they remained under arms for nearly two hours, and two hours of such discipline and misery I never endured. The night was intensely dark, and the wind, which now amounted to a perfect hurricane, swept over the black hills with a force and coldness which penetrated to the very bones, and with a low sullen moan which drowned all sounds save those produced by the enemy's guns. The hail and half frozen rain, too, which were driven against our faces with the fierce gusts, made it almost unendurable. Yet here all our troops stood, drenched to the skin and numbed with cold, watching with perfect indifference the tremendous cannonade which swept along the enemy's defences. We were not even allowed to take shelter from this extraordinary shower of powder I do not know. I supposed the wind came from them to us, the Russians imagined we should take advantage of this circumstance to attack their works, and therefore resorted to the cannonade as a forcible proof of their being on the alert, or it may have been intended as an attempt to harass us. If so, it was quite successful, for our men were thoroughly tired out when they returned to their tents. The night which followed this unpleasant diversion was certainly one of the most miserable of the many miserable nights which we have spent in the Crimea. The strength of the wind was increased, and the canvas tents, carrying in the hail and sleet and half freezing the unfortunate occupants, who were trying in vain to sleep away their cares. Many of the tents were torn, and many more were blown clean away. Towards one o'clock the cold grew so intense that it was impossible to lie in the tents, and the men got up and ran about to keep themselves from being frozen stiff. The time was now a terrible foretaste of a Crimean autumn, and what we may expect if the winter surprises us with the siege of Sebastopol still uncompleted.

Today the fire of the Russians commenced early and was kept up sharply before our batteries returned a shot. Our fire, which we were not allowed to keep up only to fire twenty rounds per diem, or once every half hour, I suppose it is the shortness of ammunition which led to this order, for it seems impossible to account for it in any other way. For the last two days we have been expecting the ammunition would fail, or at least get scarce, but no one seems to have imagined that the time was so near. This order, of course, nearly silenced our trenches, which the enemy perceived and redoubled their cannonade. Their fire to-day has been extremely hot from nearly all points. The Circular Battery has some eight or ten guns dismounted, but about twenty continue in action. On the right, where the batteries were erected to the left of this and higher up the valley, it seems to mount twelve or fifteen very heavy and long-range guns. Its fire is principally directed against the six 68-pounder battery on our right. The Redoubt Battery continues in full work, as does also the Flagstaff Battery against the Russian batteries. I am glad to say, not only hold their ground, but are doing very well against the Russian batteries. The Flagstaff Mount has got badly mauled and nearly all its guns dismounted by the fire of the French, but replaced again by the Russians. The stores of warlike material in Sebastopol appear inexhaustible. The French are preparing a new breaching battery of 150 yards of the Flagstaff Mount and 200 yards of the strong stone wall which encloses all the south side of the town near the cemeteries. In addition to this battery, which I expect will be opened in the course of a day or two, our allies are preparing a covered way, with a view to mining the Flagstaff Mount. Our troops were to have advanced a battery with their breaching shells and rockets. The latter before eight o'clock set the sheds and workhouses of the dock-yard on fire in two places. One was soon extinguished, but the second did much damage apparently. The shells also seemed to drop with terrible effect full among two or three small vessels and two line-of-battle ships which were moored high up the harbor and broadside on to its mouth. These vessels are slightly protected by the land, yet not so much so but that this battery can destroy them unless they slip their moorings. From what is observed of the movements of the enemy they seem to be annoyed and surprised at the fire of these guns, and are apparently throwing up a fresh earthwork to contest against them.

The French advanced battery is nearly complete, and their mine is going rapidly forward, though the engineers seem to intimate that the enemy have received notice of their intention in this respect against the Flagstaff Battery. The ground occupied by the French is represented as unusually favorable to sledge operations. The soil of considerable depth, firm, without stones, and the roads round the huge masses of the latter which cover the ground all round our positions offer formidable difficulties to carrying out any new works.

Since the battle of Balaklava the enemy have remained in their old position, about a mile from our lines. Twice since that day they have advanced in order to attack, as if to provoke an engagement; but they failed in drawing forth even a single cannon shot from our batteries. Since then they have extended their line much to the left, so as to occupy part of the heights on the southeast, about a mile distant from the harbor of Balaklava. In this post they have, as if by magical attack, and introduced them selves with formidable earthworks, defended by heavy batteries of artillery. Along the whole extent of the front and flanks of their position a deep fosse and bank has been thrown up. This bank seems to be their chief resource; for, though already very high, each day they labor at it to make it yet higher. It is evident the enemy intends a repetition of the effort which they never seem to consider their redoubts as affording them a safe refuge.

Last night the French plucked made a gallant attack upon the advanced post, where a large number of Russian cavalry horses were picketed. Under cover of a cannonade eight or ten of them contrived to get in among the horses, and immediately falling upon them, began to work, out the picket ropes in all directions. So rapidly and silently was this effected that the ropes which secured upwards of three hundred horses were severed without the least alarm being given. Emboldened by this success, the French endeavored to drive off the animals, but the Russians instantly turned out and their skirmishers commenced advancing, firing rapidly in the dark. Of course the horses scattered in all directions, and the closer the enemy advanced the more rapidly did they gallop into the French and English lines. As they approached the entrenchments of the latter, the Russians, with mounted troops, began to fire, and the French, in return, began to fire, and the confusion, with the cause of which they were of course unacquainted, turned out the camp of the Allies, and a heavy fire of shot and shell was poured upon the place from whence the noise proceeded. The enemy, being equally ignorant whether an attack was intended upon them or not, began to fire, and the French, in return, began to fire, and the confusion, with the cause of which they were of course unacquainted, turned out the camp of the Allies, and a heavy fire of shot and shell was poured upon the place from whence the noise proceeded. The enemy, being equally ignorant whether an attack was intended upon them or not, began to fire, and the French, in return, began to fire, and the confusion, with the cause of which they were of course unacquainted, turned out the camp of the Allies, and a heavy fire of shot and shell was poured upon the place from whence the noise proceeded.

have been taken into the fortress in the north; but during the last two days the arrangements for this purpose appear to have been abandoned, and those who are hurt in the trenches are stowed away in houses near the water side. The Cossacks said the over-crowding of them and want of adequate medical attendance had become a fearful nuisance. What was the cause of the doorkay were set on fire yesterday a magazine containing 4,000 sacks of corn and flour was entirely destroyed.

NOVEMBER 1.—The same dull cannonade has been going on all through to-day without any marked results on either side. The French in working at their mine this morning discovered a strong Russian mine within a few feet of the parapet of their breaching battery. It was nearly twelve feet below the surface of the earth, in the form of the letter T, and contained about 18 wt. of powder. Of course the instant discovery was made the French made a counter mine and removed the powder. This mine has made our allies more cautious in their approach, for it is evident the enemy is on the alert, and sees the formidable use to which the breaching battery is about to be put. As yet we have not the least reason to suppose that they suspect the existence of the French mine. Of course these matters are kept as secret as possible; but from all I hear there seems little doubt but that an assault will take place at daybreak on Sunday, the 5th, or at the latest on Monday morning at daybreak at latest. The next mail will certainly convey decisive news.

A shot from our Crown Battery this evening exploded a wagon load of powder which was entering the enemy's redoubt, near the redan wall. It must have done much mischief, as a crowd of soldiers were standing close by it, and many of them were killed. The explosion was heard by the Russians, and they were seen to be in great confusion. The Russians have by some means or other discovered the time at which the reliefs for our covering parties and pickets enter the trenches, and their fire at such periods is redoubled.

NOVEMBER 2.—All the Allies were turned out under arms at a little after three this morning, when the terrific cannonade of every trench and battery led us to expect an immediate sortie. I never, since the 17th, when the combined attack was made by the Russians, heard such a tremendous roar of artillery as the Russians kept up for about twenty minutes. After that their fire gradually slackened, and by four A. M. they were all quiet again. The only way of accounting for this terrific disturbance is the supposition that the cannonade was the marching of the troops to our pickets and covering parties, and apprehending an assault on their works, opened fire, when of course the drums and trumpets, which were freely used to turn out the Allies, must for a time have confirmed their suspicions. The enemy this time fired grape and shrapnel, and we were seen to make great execution among our pickets, killing ten or twelve, and wounding between twenty and thirty. Of course, as the cannonade became serious, the whole camp turned out, the men got under arms and remained on the black hills shivering with the cold and blinking with the flash of fire, until the Russians ceased to cease firing and allowed us to return to the indifferent shelter of our canvas lodgings.

These night attacks, alarms, or surprises are now matters of course. They have long ceased to be surprises; we would be more surprised if they did not occur. In fact, they have ceased to be any thing except a terrible source of annoyance to the Allies, and a source of general and harassing incidents of a siege. For instance, after a laborious and exciting day—a day of such fatigue as renders rest even in a tent acceptable—the "whistling time of night" in the Crimea, when suddenly you feel a slight commotion, and are aware of the hum of musketry, which at first leads you to suppose you have laid down in a brook by mistake, and then you gradually drop off, not to sleep, but in a hazy state of existence; conscious of cold and conscious of wanting sustenance; and, in fact, in that peculiar condition of vitality which is singularly tedious in the immediate intervention of the Royal Humane Society. In this ambiguous state for five or six hours pass away, I mean in literal time, for if you estimated the time by your own feelings you would expect to wake gray and decrepit. It is past two o'clock, the "whistling time of night" in the Crimea, when suddenly you feel a slight commotion, and are aware of the hum of musketry, which at first leads you to suppose you have laid down in a brook by mistake, and then you gradually drop off, not to sleep, but in a hazy state of existence; conscious of cold and conscious of wanting sustenance; and, in fact, in that peculiar condition of vitality which is singularly tedious in the immediate intervention of the Royal Humane Society. In this ambiguous state for five or six hours pass away, I mean in literal time, for if you estimated the time by your own feelings you would expect to wake gray and decrepit. 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